

A duck in a new pond

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/32444191) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/32444191>.

Rating:	Not Rated
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Fandoms:	Minecraft (Video Game) , Marvel Cinematic Universe , The Avengers (Marvel Movies) , Iron Man (Movies) , Spider-Man - All Media Types , Spider-Man (Tom Holland Movies) , The Incredible Hulk (2008) , Thor (Movies)
Relationships:	Alexis Quackity & Wilbur Soot , Alexis Quackity & Clay Dream & Wilbur Soot , Alexis Quackity & Dream , Peter Parker Spiderman & Quackity , Alexis Quackity & Tony Stark
Characters:	Alexis Quackity , Wilbur Soot , Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Tony Stark , Peter Parker , Thor (Marvel) , Bruce Banner , Steve Rogers , Clint Barton , Natasha Romanov (Marvel) , Jarvis (Iron Man movies)
Additional Tags:	crossover AU , Duck Hybrid Alexis Quackity , Winged Alexis Quackity , BAMF Alexis Quackity , Villain Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Post Revival Arc , Wilbur Soot is Not Okay , Mentioned Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF) , Mentioned Philza , Mentioned Toby Smith Tubbo , Other Additional Tags to Be Added , Teen Peter Parker , BAMF Peter Parker , Pre-Avengers: Age of Ultron (Movie) , Thor (Marvel) Being an Idiot , Jarvis the real mvp , Steve Rogers Has A Bad Day
Language:	English
Series:	Part 3 of Crossing new servers
Collections:	☆*: .o. o(≧▽≦)o .o.:*☆ , Things to fuel my escapism .
Stats:	Published: 2021-07-08 Updated: 2021-08-30 Words: 11,591 Chapters: 7/?

A duck in a new pond

by [yeet3ms](#)

Summary

Quackity had been trying for weeks to get the revival book from Dream, hell he had even started to doubt whether it was even real in the first place with how tightlipped the masked man was being. But after Wilbur's revival, Quackity finally has the proof he needed to know for certain the book is real. What he doesn't know, is that reviving isn't the only thing the book can do...

Waking up in an unfamiliar universe with nothing to his name and nobody to help him, how will Quackity manage to get back home?

-X-X-X-

After the revival of Wilbur, Quackity pushes Dream to far and ends up in the Marvel universe. Now, he has to try to fit in within a world filled with superheroes, supervillains and everything in-between while trying to find a way home.

The third part in the Crossing New Servers series. While the intro does play off of the previous works, it can be read as a standalone.

Notes

Hi mates, I'm back with the newest brainrot idea I had :]

updates will be sporadic as I'm dealing with writer's block

also more tags & characters will be added as the story goes along

Note: on 27/02/2024, Shelby came forwards with allegations against Wilbur Soot that I believe are true. It sickens me that a creator I looked up to did these things. This fic, along with any other in the series, will remain abandoned as they already were, but I want to stress I do NOT support Wilbur anymore. These were written before we were informed of the truth. Fuck Wilbur, fuck abusers. As a survivor myself, it sucks to know someone I found comfort in writing about would victimise others in that way.

Confirmation

Quackity was at a loss for what was happening. One moment, he is just calmly doing his rounds around the server y'know, the usual, and the next he is face to face with a man he knew should be dead. While he of course knew of the revival book, he had never considered it a possibility for Dream to revive Wilbur. It didn't make sense. Wilbur had spent most of his time on this server making Dream's life hell, so why would the masked bastard revive him? He should have known though that a man as desperate as Dream would do anything if it gave him even the slightest bit of power back. He should have known.

He didn't speak with Wilbur long, the wounds that the other had left still too fresh for him to just brush off. While he recently had been slowly realising that some of what Wilbur had once told him was right, he wasn't an idiot and neither was the man across from him. Wilbur had been delusional from the moment he got a taste for power. He was obsessed. His teachings, no matter how smart and poetic they might have once sounded, were ramblings of a man so far lost in his own spiralling that he started to drag others into his madness. He was wise, but also lost. His words didn't hold up anymore.

Yet still, Quackity found himself still hurting over the elections, over Wilbur's constant berating and instance that he was the only proper president for L'manberg. That only he could keep the country running. It hurt even worse considering they had been friends before that. Not close friends, but still friends. To hear from your own friend that he thinks you are unworthy of something you are convinced you could do, hurts on a different scale.

Wilbur hadn't even been right. While yes, Schlatt had been a bad choice to team up with, Quackity did an alright job keeping L'manberg, or Manberg, afloat. The country was flourishing, the economy booming and the citizens were mostly content. It was only when Pogtopia started to get involved and Schlatt got more... heavy handed, that things turned to shit. But that wasn't his fault. He couldn't have known what kind of tyrant Schlatt was. It wasn't his fault.

Of course he still felt guilty for what happened to Tubbo, for the mistreatment of the younger teen. If he had known, he would have never sided with Schlatt during the elections. He knew Tubbo didn't blame him for what happened, but he did blame himself. He could have stepped in, he should have stepped in, but he didn't. He had hoped things would be different with New L'manberg, but that went about the same as Old L'manberg had, though this time he himself had a hand in it too.

Going after Technoblade had been a bad idea, he could see that now. Forcing Phil into coercion and putting him on house arrest had been a bad idea too. Letting a teenager who was traumatised by war, who was grieving the loss of a brother figure, who was clearly struggling to keep it all together, lead a nation had been another bad idea. New L'manberg's foundation had been built upon bad ideas. It wasn't just one thing, it was dumb idea after dumb idea after dumb idea. It was never meant to work out.

But things would be different now. Las Nevadas wasn't a bad idea, it's foundation stronger than any other nation this server had ever seen. Quackity wasn't going to watch another nation crash and burn, he had seen too many. If that meant that he couldn't bring his fiances in to join his nation, then so it would be. They would be safer this way. Power corrupts people, and he can't put them through that. (Somewhere in the back of his mind, a poisonous voice reminded him that even if he wanted to show them Las Nevadas, they wouldn't be interested. They had their own nation to run, afterall. A nation they started without him.)

A sigh escaped his lips as he met Wilbur's gaze, finally snapping out of his thoughts. "So you're back huh." He drew out, shoving his hands into the pockets of his pants. The man looked different, almost older in a sense. He carried himself differently, his shoulders more relaxed than Quackity had seen in years. "I am. Did you miss me?" A wry laugh came from Wilbur as he averted his gaze to the orange horizon above them. "Don't answer that, I know you didn't. Look, I'm sorry. Not just for y'know," he blew a raspberry, hands making the motion for an explosion, "but also for what came before that. I was a dick. I should have let you run for president fairly." He looked back at Quackity from the corner of his eyes, the duck hybrid meeting his eyes with a frown.

"Why apologize now?" Quackity questioned, feeling like Wilbur might have an ulterior motive. This was the man known for having a silver tongue, for being the smoothest talker on the SMP. There was no way he was just apologizing out of the kindness of his heart. "I had some time to... consider what I've done, and I've come to the conclusion I was the villain where I thought I was the hero or the martyr. My actions hurt others and benefited nobody but myself. L'manberg was a tool for my own selfish needs. I can see that now." Wilbur mused, taking a step towards the fence near the edge of the platform they were standing on, peering down at the ravine below them.

"This is my second chance, and I want to make amends. I'm done leading countries and playing the hero. I'm done hurting people I care about. It's time I retire. Maybe I'll go up north, see if Tommy told me the truth about Philza and Technoblade living up there." He sounded tired, the smile on his lips reminiscent of the smile Quackity used to see on Tubbo back during their cabinet meetings. A smile that screamed exhaustion, but having no intention of resting any time soon.

"Retirement, ay?" The duck hybrid repeated, joining Wilbur at the fence. "I don't forgive you for what you've done. You hurt a lot of people, including me. But, I'm willing to move on. Times have changed, and so have all of us. If you can prove to me you're a changed man, I'll believe it. But until then, I don't trust you as far as I can throw you. I don't care what you plan on doing, just stay away from me or Las Nevadas." While he knew it sounded cold, Quackity had every right to be suspicious of Wilbur. Just because he died doesn't mean he automatically had a change of heart. It could all still be an act.

"That's fair. I won't bother you big Q. I wish you good luck with your nation." He could tell the smile on Wilbur's lips was genuine as the man walked away, leaving Quackity to peer over the edge on his own. It felt like he was having a fever dream, talking to a dead man, but on this server he was starting to grow accustomed to talking to dead people. Ghosts, revived players... This server truly was a mess.

-X-X-X-

Dream still hadn't given him the forsaken book he had been trying to get for weeks now. Quackity would have suspected Dream didn't have the book in the first place if he hadn't just seen a dead man walking down the prime path. His ways of getting the information out of Dream might have been unconventional, but one of these days the masked man would crack. No man could last weeks upon weeks being tortured. He had to crack some day.

His axe's durability was threatening to enter the red area by the time his weekly visit to the prison was almost over, red staining the netherite blade. He stared down at the beaten prisoner, tilting his head to the side as he narrowed his eyes. Dream was babbling, but Quackity couldn't make out what he was saying. It didn't sound English, but that might just be because of how badly wounded the man was.

"Speak up, or stay silent." Quackity huffed, delivering a kick to Dream's leg. The pained grunt that came from the man at least made his whispering stop for just a minute. A grin formed on Quackity's lips as he made his way towards the exit of the cell, slowly watching the lava go down. "I'll see you next week, Dream. Y'know, this would be much easier and less painful if you just told me what is in that book. This could all be over Dream. Consider it." He drew out in a sing-songy tone, throwing one last look over his shoulder towards the prisoner.

That's when a wave of dizziness hit him, one so bad he stumbled over to one of the obsidian walls to keep himself upright. Something was wrong, incredibly wrong. "What did you do?!" He yelled at Dream, who was slowly getting up from the floor with a smirk on his face. "You wanted to know what was in the book, so I thought you might like to experience what is in the book for yourself." Quackity reached for his axe, but couldn't find the strength to lift it up, his entire body feeling heavy.

"This isn't over, you green son of a bitch! Stop this right now!" Quackity tried to keep fighting the waves of nausea and dizziness flooding his system, but to no avail. His knees gave out from under him, hands getting scratched by the rough of obsidian as he tried to catch his fall. The last thing he saw was Dream standing over him with that same forsaken smirk before everything turned black. He swore he heard a nether portal 'vroomp!' before he was fully out.

-X-X-X-

Quackity awoke with a start, panting as he bolted upright. He wasn't in the prison anymore, that much was obvious as he stared up at a grey sky. Moving around a bit, he realised he was laying on the ground near what looked like a trashcan, in an alley he didn't recognise. Now, Quackity prided himself on being pretty familiar with the SMP; He knew most areas at least to some extent, but wherever he was right now, he had never seen before.

As he made his way towards the main street the alley led towards, his confusion only grew as he watched minecart looking vehicles zoom past him. The street was more crowded than the street of the Dream SMP had ever been, which was another thing Quackity noted as odd. A few of the people he spotted were holding small devices similar to his communicator, but they were about half the size. Panic started to set in when he realised that not only was this

clearly not any area of the SMP he was familiar with, this might not even be the SMP at all. Had Dream forcibly sent him to another server? Was that something the revival book could do?

His train of thought was halted when a loud rumbling noise tore through the air, catching his attention. Quackity looked up, trying to spot the source of the sound. While there were a few other people who also looked around, most acted like this was a normal occurrence, that it was totally normal to hear the sound of ten minecarts all taking off at the same time on a wednesday afternoon. Another red flag, though Quackity couldn't dwell on it for long as the source of the noise came into view. And boy, was it confusing.

There in the sky, flew what looked like a red and gold robot. While Quackity had seen people fly before, both hybrids and creative players, this was... different. For one, the figure was moving at such a speed it was clear they weren't in creative. Secondly, there were no wings anywhere on the figure's frame. How were they flying? The longer Quackity looked at the robot, the more he realised how screwed he was. This wasn't the Dream SMP.

Duck meets Spider

Chapter Summary

Quackity explores and runs into some trouble along the way.

This world was weird, even by Quackity's standards; He'd been here for about an hour now, and so far everything here looked... Boring, to put it simply. The buildings were all built from boring stone, there wasn't much colour around and even the people around him all looked plain! Nether, he hadn't even seen a single hybrid yet, which did cause him some concern. While Quackity had never personally come across one, there were rumours of servers who denied hybrid players. As a precaution, he had tucked his wings under his button up, just to be safe.

Another odd thing he noticed was that nobody was wearing armour. Sure, it wasn't uncommon to see people without armour on the Dream SMP too, but to see hundreds upon hundreds of people without a single piece of armour on their body raised some alarm bells for Quackity. Even during the time L'manberg didn't allow things like chest plates the country still saw more armour than this entire server so far. No diamond, no netherite, hell he hadn't even seen any iron! It didn't make sense.

While it was a bit embarrassing to admit, it took him quite a bit to remember the communicator stashed away in his inventory. None of his messages went through, an error popping up before he could even finish typing out Sam's name. He frowned, checking to see if he made a spelling error somewhere along the way. Nope, that was definitely how you spelled Awesamdude. Cursing under his breath, he closed the messaging menu. This wasn't looking great for him. With no way of reaching his associates back home and no idea where he was, he was starting to feel the seriousness of the situation settle in.

Whether it had been shock or something else, up until that point Quackity hadn't been too panicked just yet. But now that he had to come to terms with the fact that he had no way of getting back home, it all hit him at once. He had to get some space, the crowded streets of wherever the fuck he was making him feel claustrophobic. Shoving his way through the crowd without as much as an apology, he stumbled into the first alley he came across.

The air felt heavy around him, the stench of trash hanging in the air not making it any easier to breathe. He rested his head against his arms, leaning against the side of another ugly monotone building. God, when he got home he was going to remove every single goddam grey building from Las Nevadas just for good measure. This place had ruined stone for him. As he drew in shallow breaths in an attempt to calm himself, he heard a shuffling come from the other end of the alley.

Now, this wasn't the first time Quackity found himself being mugged. He had been around rough servers before, and even on the Dream SMP he occasionally got robbed by one of the many delinquents he called friends. This was the first time however, that he found himself being mugged while he genuinely had nothing of value on him. In his inventory he only had his armor which he had taken off after seeing nobody else wearing it, his weapons and some food. You might say, Big Q, those first two things sound pretty valuable, and you would be correct on a normal server. But this server clearly didn't use these items much, so they were useless and therefore trash.

Having a knife pressed to his throat wasn't great if he was honest. Again, this wasn't his first time at this rodeo but Quackity had never been a great fighter. The scar covering his glossed over eye was proof of that. Another problem was that he had moved his weapons out of his hotbar, so he couldn't access his own weapons even if he wanted to. In short, he was fucked and at the mercy of this random man who looked like he was both fifty and eleven at the same time.

A weird 'Vhrip!' sound rang through the air, a red and blue blur flying through the air like it was using rockets and an elytra. The figure landed right next to the mugger, pushing him backwards with more force than Quackity had expected. They were stronger than they looked. Quackity finally managed to catch his breath, stumbling a few steps as he tried to back away from the masked figure currently fighting off his assailant.

"Are you alright sir?" The masked figure asked once the mugger had been taken care off, approaching Quackity like one would a wounded animal. "Yeah, yeah I'm good. Actually, could you help me out with something? Where am I?" Quackity asked, deciding it was probably his best shot at figuring out what was going on. A brief silence fell between them as the figure dressed in what looked like a onesie just stared at him. "You're in Queens. Queens New York...? Are you sure you're alright?" He asked, doubt audible in his voice. (Quackity assumed it was a guy anyways, he sounded like a teenager if he had to guess, voice just as squeaky as Tommy's and Tubbo's.)

Now, Quackity had no fucking clue what a New York or a Queens was, but he nodded anyways, plastering a fake smile on his lips. "Ah, yeah sorry I just got a bit lost. You wouldn't happen to know the way to the Hub from here, would you?" He asked, realising he had made a mistake when the masked man across from him only stared back at him in confusion. "The... Hub? Did you get hit in the head?" Wow, rude. Quackity felt his eye twitch as he sighed, shaking his head a bit.

"No, no I didn't get hit. I'm just... Who are you, by the way? What's with the whole onesie getup?" He decided to change the topic, curious as to who his masked hero was. "Me? I'm uh, I'm just your average friendly neighbourhood Spiderman!" The other answered. This time it was Quackity's turn to stare at the other in confusion, before a chuckle fell from his lips. "That's a bit of a mouthful, dude. But thanks, Spiderman. Not getting mugged is pretty epic, not going to lie." He laughed, shoving his hands into his pockets.

"It's no big deal, helping people is my job!" Spiderboy gave him a thumbs up, which Quackity returned with a smile. "Well, I'll be out of your hair now, thanks for the save." With that, Quackity strolled out of the alley like he knew where he was going. He heard the same

weird noise rip through the air, and casting a look back over his shoulder revealed that the spider themed hero was gone. A relieved sigh left his lips as he sped up a bit, trying to blend into the crowd around him.

The conversation he had with the masked hero had only brought up more questions than it had answered, making Quackity feel more lost than ever before. Where the hell was New York? In what kind of server was it normal for masked men to fall from the sky to stop crime?! He was starting to miss the controlled chaos that had been the Dream SMP. At least he knew what to do on servers like that. On a foreign server like this, where he knew nothing about the other players and the server rules, he was lost. As rain started to pour from the sky, Quackity felt his last sliver of hope of returning home slip down the drain below his feet.

The humble beginnings of Big Q

Chapter Summary

Quackity's first few days in this new world were confusing, to say the least.

Chapter Notes

ello mates

thank you for all your support I really appreciate it <3

also sorry for the lack of updates, I caught a cold and it's kicking my ass a bit lol

Quackity knew how to survive. He was no speedrunner or anything of the sort, but he knew how to thrive under less than ideal circumstances. There was a reason he still had two lives left. Sure, it hadn't always been easy, living off of rotten flesh wasn't pleasant but he survived. He overcame every hurdle life threw at him, rose above those that threatened him and slowly but surely built an empire. Las Nevadas was young, but already Quackity could tell the nation would become greater than anything the Dream SMP had seen before.

The point was, Quackity was quick witted enough to adapt to any obstacle he came across. This adaptability was probably the only reason he wasn't losing his mind just yet as he made his way down the busy streets of New York. Nothing about this place was familiar in any way, hell he didn't even recognize the blocks the buildings were made out of. A slightly torn newspaper landed at his feet, the front page catching his eyes. He reached down to grab the yellowish paper, carefully smoothing out some of the wrinkles as he scanned over the bright photo on the front.

The Avengers save the day, alien invasion stopped!

The photo showed a group of six individuals, all in various costumey looking getups, standing around as if they were ready to strike. Rubble surrounded them, along with what looked like corpses though Quackity had a hard time to identify if they were human or not.

Hybrids maybe? One of the six he assumed were the avengers was clearly a hybrid, his skin coloured a dark green. It somewhat resembled Sam's skin, though the creeper hybrid had more flecks of lighter and darker colours scattered along the bright green hue. The other five looked mostly human, though one of them was in a familiar robot suit. It was the same one Quackity had seen earlier that day.

He skimmed over the article, brows knitting together as he read. Aliens? Norse Gods? Super soldiers? What the hell? Now, Quackity had heard of a lot of weird shit in his time on the Dream SMP. From Blood Gods to whatever DreamXD had going on, but this was... weird, even by his standards. The article didn't explain much either, stating these things like they were just normal and common knowledge. Chucking the paper into the first bin he came across, he couldn't help but curse under his breath. He was so out of his depth here, but he couldn't give up. He refused to die to one of Dream's tricks, dammit.

-X-X-X-

Quackity respected the law. Laws and rules were necessary to keep people safe and protected, to keep nations from spiralling into chaos. He liked order, much preferred it over the chaos that came with lawless lands. His time working as part of New L'manberg's cabinet, running for president, working under Schlatt's administration... He did all of it because he needed order and justice. Had he gone about it right? Maybe not, but his intentions had been right.

Right now though, he was breaking several laws and didn't even feel that guilty about it. He had scaled a fence that had a clear sign on it that said no trespassers, and was currently breaking into an abandoned looking building where he planned to squat for the night. He'd have to figure out a more permanent solution tomorrow, when he wasn't feeling dead on his feet. Luckily, he found some spare wool and wood in his inventory, and managed to craft a bed before the sun had sunk too low in the sky.

The apartment was pretty run down, the wallpaper having peeled off of the wall in most places. Bugs skittered across the floor as Quackity explored, nose scrunching up at the sight. God, he hated those crawly little monsters. Setting up his bed was pretty easy, though he had to make sure he couldn't be seen through any of the windows. He knew it was not his brightest plan ever, but he was tired and really needed some rest. Shrugging off his white button up, his yellow wings slowly unfolded from where they had been forcibly pressed against his skin.

His wings were bound, as per the rules of the Dream SMP. Flying wasn't allowed, for reasons Quackity didn't know. He was one of the only winged players on the SMP, along with Philza Minecraft, though the latter didn't have to bind his wings since they were too damaged to fly with anyways. Carefully sliding his fingers along the wraps, he undid the tight knots keeping his wings from moving. He stretched out the tender joints, huffing at the pain jolting through them. It had been a while since he had undone the wraps. He couldn't even the last time he had actually flown. Running his nails through the bright yellow feathers, a sigh escaped his lips.

Seeing that man fly earlier had made his wings itch to take off, wanting to feel the clouds against his face as he soared through the sky. Maybe he would tomorrow, after sunset. Clearly this world didn't have rules against flying, as the robot guy and the friendly neighbourhood spiderman both were allowed to zip through the air with no repercussions. If they were allowed to fly, then so was Quackity. His dreams were filled with clouds and skies as he slept.

-X-X-X-

A sigh escaped his lips as Quackity sat on top of a pretty tall building, feet dangling over the edge of the concrete structure as he stared down at the streets below him. It had been three days since Dream had thrown him into this new world, and to say it had been a rough few days would be an understatement. He'd spent most of his time gathering information, whether that be through reading trashed newspapers, watching news reports through the windows of what he was told were TV-shops or overhearing conversations of passersby. He had learnt a lot, though with every new bit of information came seven new questions.

This world didn't have hybrid players, but they had mutated players. They were rare, and generally mistreated from what Quackity could tell. They were regarded as dangerous. There was a lot of crime in this world too, more than any other server Quackity had ever been on. The Dream SMP had been riddled with crime, but most of it had been petty. Fires, minor stealing, pranks gone wrong, things like that. In this server however, crimes were a lot more violent in nature.

Due to the amount of crime, there had been a recent spike in so-called 'super heroes'; Enhanced players using their powers to stop criminals. The guy who had saved Quackity during his first day on the server had been one of those heroes, and a pretty popular one at that. He was a local hero, sticking only to his region of New York. Other heroes, like the Avengers, were more internationally oriented. There was little to no information Quackity could find on the legislation regarding heroes, which was a bit confusing. Technically, most

heroes were considered vigilantes, which was illegal. The Avengers were an exception, which made no sense. Why allow one but prohibit the other?

Stretching his wings out behind him, he shook his head a bit to clear his mind. It didn't matter who was and wasn't a hero. He needed to find a way home. During his research, he found out that the man in the robot suit was called Tony Stark, and he was maybe Quackity's only hope of getting home. The man was a genius, having built his suit himself. If anyone could help him get home, it was probably that man, but Quackity had no way of reaching him. So he was back at square one, sent right back to the drawing board.

With a huff, Quackity pushed himself over the edge he had been sitting on, free falling for a few seconds before spreading his wings. He let the late night breeze carry him, careful not to dip too low between the buildings below him. Even though the sun had set, he still had to be careful not to get caught. The wind rushed through his feathers, a chuckle escaping Quackity's lips as he made a loop. He hadn't felt this free in a while, which was depressing considering this wasn't his home server. By this time next week, he would be back home, settling the last few things in Las Vegas before the big opening night. Until then, he enjoyed the freedom of flying along the clouds.

-x-x-x-

Quackity hadn't meant to get involved in a fight. He'd just been flying around the city, which by now had become part of his daily routine. It had been a week since he had been dropped in this world, and with no clear plan on how to get home yet, he had fallen into a somewhat comfortable rhythm of going out information hunting during the day and spending his nights flying around aimlessly. Usually his trips went off without a hitch, though tonight was an exception.

He had landed on a fire escape staircase, the metal groaning underneath his weight as he stumbled a bit to keep his balance. He was still a bit rusty, most of his landings being rough at best. It was in the early hours of the morning, though it would still be dark for another hour or so before the sun started to rise. Quackity had planned on heading home, the house he was squatting at only being a block or so away from where he had landed. His muscles ached, exhaustion hitting him like a truck as he made his way down the stairs.

What he hadn't noticed until he reached the last few steps, was the man currently pinning a whimpering woman against the wall, holding a knife to her throat similarly to how Quackity

had been threatened a few days ago. Before he could even properly process what he was seeing, his lips were already moving.

“Oi, let go of her right now motherfucker.” Quackity called out, jumping down from the stairs. His wings flared up behind him, a natural instinct that was meant to make him look more threatening. The puffy yellow feathers didn’t really look all that threatening to himself though, but the man across from him looked pretty threatened by them, even if he was probably just caught off guard by the wings in general. He stared at him with wide eyes, long enough for Quackity to pull the worn out sword from his inventory. “You heard me, asshole. Move, or I will make you move!” He warned once more.

That seemed to do the trick, the man scrambling away from the girl. He watched the man run off, briefly considering going after him before deciding against it. It would only put him at risk of getting caught. Turning to the woman, he briefly checked for any visible wounds. “Did he hurt you?” He asked, just in case he had missed anything. She shook her head, a snuffle coming from her as she shuffled in her spot. “Who are you?” Her voice was trembling, eyes rimmed red as she looked at him. Quackity paused, realizing if he told her his real name she could potentially rat him out. She had seen his wings. “You can call me Big Q.”

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Quackity struggles to embrace his new role as a vigilante

Chapter Notes

Ello mates :]

again thanks for all the support, I might not reply to many comments but I do appreciate them a lot <3

how are we feeling about our newest hero, Big Q?

Seeing his own grainy photo in the newspaper was a bit of a surprise, if Quackity was honest. He was really starting to regret giving the woman his nickname, 'Big Q' printed in bold letters underneath the shaky photo of the winged player taking off. His face wasn't visible in the photo, which he was grateful for. The scar running over his left eye was hard to hide. The newspaper labelled him as a new vigilante, something which was of course wrong. Quackity had no interest in becoming some kind of hero. Besides, he wouldn't be here much longer anyways.

Not that he had any clue on how to get home just yet, but he would figure it out soon enough. Until then, he just had to lay low. Around the two week mark since his arrival in this new world he managed to land a job at a shabby sandwich place who didn't ask a whole lot of questions about his lack of paperwork. The owner, Delmar, practically hired him on the spot once he realised Quackity knew Spanish. The hybrid had no idea why that mattered, but was grateful nonetheless. Money was important in this world.

Of course money had been a thing in the Dream SMP, but they usually used diamonds as a currency, or other valuable materials like netherite and emeralds. Those items had use though, outside of being a currency. In this world, currencies were their own thing, with no other purpose than to be a currency. Quackity, a businessman at heart, could see why this model worked so well, but at the same time struggled to grasp just how the system worked. Almost everything in this world had a price, from luxury items like phones and cars to

necessities like food and shelter. If Quackity wanted to survive in this world, he needed money.

Delmar paid well enough to keep him afloat, food never being a concern as the man also made sure his employees took home any leftover sandwiches after their shift to reduce waste. The shifts were pretty long, but they kept him busy. Wandering the streets for hours on end every day hadn't been doing him much good, so having something else to focus on was nice. They didn't get that many customers, never getting too crowded but still having a steady stream of people walking in and out of the shop. It was nice, and Quackity settled into the routine rather easily.

He knew he shouldn't be getting too comfortable, that this was only temporary. Soon, he would return home, he would go back to Las Nevadas and have to deal with the chaos that was the Dream SMP. As much as he missed his friends and his home, getting to spend some time away from it all was... peaceful. Sure, this world was just as chaotic as back home, but he didn't feel as paranoid here, didn't feel like everybody would betray him on a whim here. Not that he had made any real friends here yet.

There was a TV hung up in the corner of Delmare's shop, displaying the news and on occasion old reruns of sports Quackity didn't understand. The Avengers were mentioned on the news quite frequently, the media loving them. Any time they were sighted together, every report for the next few hours would be centered around them, speculating if the sightings meant something big was happening. Usually, nothing happened, and the critics would blame the Avengers for causing a panic. It was wild, but apparently it was normal.

While his daytime routine had changed, his nightly activities stayed much the same. The second it got dark outside, Quackity would take off. He tried to stay away from trouble, avoiding back alleys like the plague. The last thing he wanted was to run into another criminal and solidify the rumour that he was a vigilante; He just happened to be in the right place at the right time once, that didn't make him some kind of hero!

...

...

...

Okay so maybe it hadn't been a one time thing. The streets of New York were far from safe at night, criminals hiding around every corner. It wasn't like Quackity was going out of his way to find them. What was he supposed to do when he ran into a bad guy holding somebody at gunpoint, not help them? He wasn't that much of an asshole. So, he had stepped in a few times. That didn't mean anything. He was just being a good person, that didn't make him a hero.

During his seventh run in with a thief, Quackity decided he really needed to start wearing a mask if he planned on continuing his nightly flights. Everybody had a phone on them, meaning it only took one person to snap a picture at a bad time for his identity to be exposed. He had already shot himself in the foot by giving that one lady his nickname as his true name, as it was pretty easy to link it back to Quackity. Word about his scar could not get out.

Quackity was not a good fighter, he was not too proud to admit that. While he could definitely hold his own, he still tended to take quite a few hits dealing with the crooks of the night. As long as his hunger bar was full and his hearts didn't dip too low, he was fine, so this wasn't usually a problem. It only became a problem when trying to figure out what kind of mask would work. A porcelain one like Dream was immediately off of the table for obvious reasons, and also because it would break in no time. A paper or medical one also wouldn't be durable enough. His only real options were plastic, or fabric, both having their pros and cons.

A plastic mask could still break, but the chance was lower. It would be easy to clean, but harder to hide if he had to get away fast and blend in with a crowd. Fabric on the other hand was a lot easier to hide and couldn't really break under blunt force. Sure, it could tear, but a needle and thread could solve that. Cleaning it would be a bitch, but it beat having to get a new mask every single time he got clocked over the head by a bad guy.

In the end, he settled for a black mask that went up to his nose, along with a pair of goggles that he found in a dumpster near his house. One of the glasses had been cracked, though he fixed them by popping out the broken glass and replacing it by a piece of coloured plastic he found. It wouldn't protect his eyes as well, but that wasn't really their purpose anyways. It kept his scar hidden, and that was all that mattered. The red and black mismatched lenses added to his cool factor too, if he was totally honest.

The public seemed to agree, as he heard a lady on the news praise his new look during one of his shifts. It would be a lie to say that hadn't boosted his ego. Maybe being a vigilante wasn't

too bad afterall.

-X-X-X-

Quackity huffed as his feet met the roughly tiled roof, wings making a half flapping motion to help him keep his balance. Slowly but surely, he was getting better at landing and taking off. It was embarrassing how barely a year of not flying had reduced his flying skills so much. At least he hadn't toppled off any building in the last week. Progress was progress, even if it was a pitiful amount of progress. He stretched out his wings, feeling the muscles under his feathers ache. Carefully tucking them back under his shirt, he moved to push up his goggles, pausing when his eyes landed on a figure standing on the other side of the roof.

"Big Q." The voice sounded familiar to Quackity, his suspicions confirmed when he spotted the iron suit standing behind the man. Tony Stark himself was currently staring him down, the smile on the older man's face feeling forced. "It's good to finally meet New York's newest vigilante. Good work, by the way. Very impressive, not often that you see a winged man take down a purse thief." While his words were praising him, his tone felt condescending. Quackity narrowed his eyes, wings spreading out behind him.

"Now, something curious happened, and I have the sneaking feeling you know more about it. You see, six weeks ago, there was a weird energy spike here in Queens. There were even some reports of people seeing purple... dust things floating around their homes, and hearing unexplainable noises. And on that very same day, only a few hours later, you make your debut. You, a winged mutant who uses outdated weapons and takes more hits than any man I've ever seen before." As the man spoke, he flicked his wrist, a hologram forming above his hand showing shaky clips of a few of Quackity's fights, most filmed by bystanders Quackity hadn't noticed in the moment or security cameras. The man continued, "I personally don't believe in coincidences, but I was willing to give you the benefit of the doubt. Though, I still decided to do some research into you. That's when I found another curious thing; You don't exist."

"It's called a secret identity for a reason, asshole." Quackity grumbled under his breath, every fiber of his being feeling on edge. "Oh don't flatter yourself, a piece of fabric and some safety glasses don't hide you as well as you might think. Why you vigilantes are so convinced it actually does work is beyond me, but that's not what I'm talking about, because even if I knew who you were under the mask, according to my sources, you don't exist. You're like a ghost, except there's no record of you dying either." The man laughed about his own joke, making Quackity's nose scrunch up under his mask. This smelt like trouble.

“What does it matter to you if I exist or not? Don’t you have other things to worry about? Like, I don’t know, the Avengers?” Quackity snapped, eyes briefly darting to the dormant iron suit behind Tony. The man tutted his lips, thinking for a moment before shaking his head. “This is an Avengers matter as far as I’m concerned. The last time we had an energy spike like the one I assume you caused since you have yet to deny that claim, aliens invaded New York. I’d rather not have a do over of that, if I’m honest. It wasn’t a party.”

“I’m not an alien, so you can leave me alone now. Nobody is coming after me.” While Quackity knew Tony was his best shot at getting home, he got the funny feeling the man wouldn’t believe him even if he told the truth. “The spike was a one time thing. I didn’t cause it, but I know what did, and the person who caused it isn’t here anymore. He’s gone.” He kept his explanation vague, his wings slowly relaxing against his back.

“Oh, so somebody else caused it? Huh, that makes sense, I was starting to wonder why you never used whatever power it was against any of the guys you fought.” It sounded like that comment wasn’t meant for Quackity, that it was just Tony murmuring to himself. The man clasped his hands together, meeting Quackity’s eyes with a grin that was just a tad too wide. “Well, I want to know more about whoever caused it, doesn’t matter if they’re still here or not. You’re coming with me feathers, whether you like it or not.”

Stories From Home

Chapter Summary

Quackity explains his home server to Tony

Chapter Notes

Ello mates :]

again sorry for the wait, I'm still struggling with motivation

hope y'all like this one

So, turns out trying to out fly a man with literal rockets in his hands was not a good idea. Quackity was fast, sure, but Tony was faster. Before the winged man had even properly taken off, he felt a hand yank him back down. Metal wrapped around his wings, painfully binding them together. A yelp escaped his throat as he barrelled down to the ground, the only thing keeping him from toppling over the edge of the roof being the hand holding him in place. He threw a glare over his shoulder, feeling the urge to wipe the smirk off of the other man's smug face.

In the end, Quackity was dragged along by the man in the iron suit. Instead of flying to wherever Tony wanted to go, instead they left the roof and headed down to the streets below them. A car was waiting for them, a man sitting in the front seat that didn't look too pleased at the fact he had to drive. Quackity was hesitant to get into the metal contraption, still unfamiliar with the cars of this world. As he stared at the door being held open for him, his stomach twisted with nerves. Who in their right mind had decided minecarts needed roofs?

"We don't have all day, feathers." Tony impatiently tapped his fingers on the metal husk of the car, faint wrinkles on his forehead indicating his displeasure at having to wait. "That's not my name, asshole." Quackity huffed under his breath, sliding into the car very much of his own accord, and not because he was told to do so thank you very much. "Right, Big Q," the man spoke the words like they were ridiculous, "Interesting pick, really. I've heard a lot of weird names, but that one surely takes the cake."

"That's a lot of judgement coming from a man called Iron Man." The hybrid huffed, crossing his arms across his chest. "Rude, Iron Man is a very great name I'll have you know." Tony laughed, turning to look out of the window. "I am curious though, how'd you come up with the name though? For somebody with big in their name, you're not that tall." Quackity glared

over at the man, wings puffing up behind him in annoyance. “You calling me short, old man? I’ll have you know I’m a perfectly average height!”

A tense silence fell over the car as the duck hybrid stared down the Avenger, his fierce glare met with an uninterested look hidden behind tinted glasses. Quackity looked away with a sigh, shaking his head a bit. “It’s a... a nickname. A... friend, gave it to me years ago. It’s a bit shit, but it was the first thing that came to mind.” He murmured, eyes glued to the buildings rapidly zooming past the window. “And it did the trick, didn’t it? Nobody ever linked it back to me.”

Tony hummed a short tone as he nodded, looking over at the hybrid. “I guess so. What’s your real name kid?” He asked, making Quackity sigh. Should he lie? This was his last chance at some form of anonymity; Tony had said it himself, he had no idea who he was under the mask, and therefore had no way of finding him if he lied. “Quackity, Quackity from Las Nevadas.” He was tired of lying, tired of hiding. Quackity wasn’t built for dishonesty, it’s why he had never fully thrived in the Dream SMP like others, because he was too genuine and honest.

“Quackity? That’s a... you sure that’s not another nickname?” Tony laughed, though his laughter died down when he received another glare. “Okay, okay so Quackity from... Las Nevadas? I take it you’re not from around here?” He continued with his questions, drawing a shrug out of Quackity. “I don’t think so, I’m not sure. I’m not an alien, but I don’t belong here either. This isn’t my... world, but it’s similar in some ways.” He tried to explain, but even he only understood the basics of what had happened.

The tower Tony owned was gigantic, even by Quackity’s standards. Sure, he had seen impressive towers before, like Eret’s old one near L’manberg and Punz’ tower, but this one was grander than anything he had ever seen before. It was so tall he was pretty sure it must have reached the build limit, clouds lazily floating around the massive structure. There was a giant A on one side, which Tony explained was the logo of the Avengers. As they entered the tower, Quackity struggled to keep his amazement contained. He would have to take notes for Las Nevadas for sure.

“So, if you’re not from this world, what world are you from?” Tony asked once they were in what he claimed to be his personal lab, Quackity sitting on one of the desks while Tony worked on some kind of... hologram tablet? Technology had never been Quackity’s strong suit, and the more time he spent in this world the more he felt like a boomer. He really didn’t understand much about the phones and other smart tech from this world.

“My world is... hard to explain. Basically, there’s a bunch of servers, each one being it’s own world with it’s own set of rules and players. I’m from a server called the Dream SMP, a survival server with a three live hardcore rule.” Quackity explained, adjusting his beanie a bit. “If you die three times, you’re gone for good. Well, maybe not for good. It’s complicated. But anyways, the SMP is really different to this world. Less technology, more fighting to survive. There’s been wars, executions, nations forming and falling... It’s been a chaotic few years.” His laugh sounded wry to his own ears, flashes of the past flooding his mind.

“There was this guy named Dream. He’s the one who started the server, as you could have guessed. He named it after himself, the ego tripping fuck. But, he’s the founder. He runs the

Greater Dream SMP, the main nation of the server. It was the first nation of the server, and the only one for a while until L'manberg was founded. They had a war or something, I'm not sure of the details; I joined right after L'manberg earned their independence. According to the founders, it was one hell of a war. All four founders lost a life that day."

"There was an election right around the time I joined. Wilbur Soot, the main founder of L'manberg, planned to run as the only party with his right hand man Tommy. I didn't think that was fair, so I decided to run against him. The only reason I won was because I ended up forming a coalition with another party, led by an old friend of mine named Schlatt. It was... A mistake to work with him, let's keep it at that." Even just the name felt sour in Quackity's mouth, a frown settling on his features.

"Wilbur and Tommy got exiled, though that didn't last long. They overthrew Schlatt, bringing an end to his tyranny. I helped them. Schlatt was a terrible man. He should have never been elected president." Quackity looked down at the floor, trying to banish the voice of Schlatt out of his mind. He could still hear him taunting him, throwing the words 'flatty patty' at him with so much venom it actually stung.

"Wilbur wasn't... wasn't okay though. Sometime during exile, he lost it. Instead of just accepting that he had won, that he got L'manberg back, he blew it all up. He was already on his last life, since he got shot by Punz during his exile. Phil ended up being the one to take his last one, his own father. It was... a dark day. It's the same day Technoblade betrayed us. He spawned a bunch of withers, destroying what little of L'manberg was still standing." He could still remember the confusion he had felt that day, looking up to find Wilbur and Philza Minecraft standing above the rubble as Technoblade started to place soulsand.

"We tried to keep going, to rebuild. It all turned to shit fast. We failed to execute Technoblade, we pissed off Philza, we exiled Tommy... Dream and Techno blew up the rebuilt parts of L'manberg, with Phil's help. All because of some stupid fucking discs Tommy and Dream have been fighting over since the first time Tommy joined the server." Quackity huffed. God he hated those discs. They had caused so much trouble, much more than they were worth.

"We ended up finally capturing Dream. Threw him in prison, where he belonged." He chuckled. "We moved on. I started a new nation, Las Nevadas. Made new connections, recruited people, distanced myself from the ones who I couldn't trust... Things were looking alright for me." A wry smile played on his lips. Foolish, Purpled, Sam, Slime, Fundy... As much as he hated to admit it, they were the closest thing he had to friends. Sure, he wasn't super close with all of them, but he trusted them to some degree.

"Dream has a book, a book that can revive people. I wanted that book, so I used some... unique interrogation methods to get him to talk." Admitting that he had been torturing Dream wasn't something he was proud of, but the ends justified the means. "I guess I underestimated what was in the book, because one second I'm in his cell, the next I'm in some back alley laying next to a trash can." Quackity sighed, looking over at Tony.

"That's... okay, wow... That's one hell of a story kid." The man let out a chuckle that sounded almost nervous. "So, you're from a world riddled with war and conflict where you can die multiple times and you were brought here because you pissed off a man with some

kind of... holy book?" Tony summarized, making Quackity laugh. "It sounds a lot less cool when you phrase it like that." He murmured.

New Faces

Chapter Summary

Tony doesn't live in the tower alone, which Quackity finds out the hard way.

Chapter Notes

HI IM BACK SORRY

I have nothing to say for myself, just had no idea how to continue this fic and kind of gave up

but!! y'all's kind messages actually helped me find the energy to finish so thank you!!! sorry for taking so long, take this as an apology.

Tony liked to think he was pretty open minded, with his teammates being literal mutants and aliens he kind of had to be, but this kid was... something else. He looked mostly human, sounded like one too, though the wings were a clear sign he wasn't. The scar that ran down Quackity's face looked nasty, too nasty to be on the face of somebody as young as him. While explaining how he had gotten here, the scar wasn't mentioned at all, making Tony wonder if there were things Quackity had left out of his story. Still, he wouldn't pry for the time being.

Now the question was, how were they supposed to get the hybrid home? The man that had sent him here clearly wasn't coming to pick him up, so that option was immediately thrown off the table. Tony was a smart man, a genius even, but dimensional travel was above his pay grade, especially since he was pretty sure the multiverse theory was nothing more than a fun idea up until today. Running a hand down his face, a sigh escaped his lips.

"I'm going to be honest with you kid, I don't know how soon we can get you home, or if we can even get you home. This is... A first, if you will; I don't think we've ever had anyone from a completely different universe come to ours, much less send one over ourselves." Tony didn't want to give Quackity any false hope. The probability that they could figure out universal travel on such a short notice was incredibly low. "But, it's not hopeless. You're lucky I'm the one who found you. Not to brag, but if anybody can figure out how to send you across universes, it's going to be me." He flashed the hybrid a grin, which Quackity mirrored.

"But, I'll need some input from some of my... colleagues. You should stay at the tower, there's enough empty rooms." Quackity blinked at the offer, brows furrowing as he looked at

the man. “You’re just going to let me stay here, just like that? No further questions?” He sounded like he was in disbelief, drawing a chuckle from the older man. “Yeah, pretty much.” “What if I’m like, some kind of criminal who’s going to stab you in your sleep?” That made Tony snicker once more.

“Kid, I live with two ex spies, a super soldier, a literal Norse god and a guy who turns into a huge green man when he gets mad; I’m not scared of a child with duck wings.” Tony grinned, making Quackity chuckle. He supposed the man had a pretty good point. “So does that mean I’ll be meeting the famous Avengers then?” Tilting his head, Quackity looked at Tony with a smirk. “Aw, are you a fan big Q?” He could hardly say the name without chuckling, how anybody could call vigilantes dangerous when they named themselves shit like Spiderman and Big Q was beyond him.

-X-X-X-

The first real Avenger that Quackity ended up meeting besides Tony was a man called Bruce Banner. He was a pretty alright guy from what Quackity gathered about him. It was hard to imagine that this man could turn into some kind of monster that could tear down buildings, especially when Bruce reminded him of Nikki, both soft spoken and mindful of those around them. Of course he knew the comparison didn’t hold up; Nikki wasn’t just soft, but a veteran who had seen her fair share of violence which had taken its toll after a while, and Bruce was a man who had to be careful not to get too angry or he could seriously injure everybody around him.

Bruce had a lot of questions, most of them centered around his anatomy and the life system in his world, and Quackity tried to answer them as best as he could. The problem was, that Quackity didn’t know that much about the details either. He had never been too involved in how servers worked, how respawning worked, etcetera. Quackity had only ever respawned once, and it wasn’t something he liked to remember. Some days, the scar would still burn the same way it had when he snapped awake after the butchers army’s failed assassination attempt. He still couldn’t look at pickaxes without shaking.

Once Bruce was satisfied with what little Quackity did know about respawning and hybrids, Tony and him started to discuss a lot of scientific sounding terms that went way over Quackity’s head. Instead of sticking around and feeling like a duck out of water, he made the brilliant decision to go off and explore the tower. If he was going to be staying here, he’d need to find his way around here someday anyways, might as well get a head start. Shimming his wings back into his shirt, Quackity left the lab Tony had dragged him into and started to wander.

The entire building looked like it came straight out of the future, Quackity struggling to even identify some of the materials used. He had always considered Las Nevadas to look pretty futuristic, but compared to this his nation looked like it came from the year zero. Maybe he could ask for some building tips before he went home, Sam could probably use them for future builds.

He hadn’t expected to find a kitchen so soon, but wasn’t complaining; He was hungry, and his inventory was looking pretty empty. Pulling open the fridge, he couldn’t help but let out a soft victorious chuckle as he saw how stocked it was. If he grabbed more food than he

necessarily needed to fill his hunger bar, nobody would probably notice with how much shit was just laying around. Swiftly sliding a few packets of meat into his inventory, he nibbled on a piece of raw pork. It wouldn't fill him up fast, but he wasn't in the mood to figure out how the oven here worked.

The inventory system was something he hadn't properly explained to either of the scientists, purely because he didn't think it mattered. Plus, if push came to shove, it could act as an important ace up his sleeve. While so far Tony had appeared as nothing but trustworthy, Quackity knew better than to blindly tell him all his tricks and secrets. He hadn't survived this long just to make a fool of himself now. There was power in secrets, power he couldn't afford to lose.

Sitting on top of somebody else's kitchen counter while eating a raw piece of meat was not the most graceful thing Quackity had ever done, but then again he wasn't known for his grace. He wasn't Wilbur, with his head held high and tongue sharp, or Eret with a crown and a title to uphold. No, he was Quackity from Las Nevadas, vice president of Manberg turned cabinet member of the New L'manberg cabinet turned... he wasn't quite sure what his title of Las Nevadas was just yet. The word president had been ruined for him ever since Schlatt. Leader maybe? No, that made it sound illegitimate.

While Quackity was lost in thought, he failed to notice the footsteps approaching him. Right as he was about to take another bite out of his meal, a hand grabbed onto his collar, yanking him up from the counter like he weighed nothing. Porkchop long forgotten, Quackity looked up at the man currently holding him up, softly gulping as he came face to face with mister Captain America himself. Shit.

Captains and Gods

Chapter Summary

The Avengers are a lot less cool than they look, Quackity found

Chapter Notes

I am sorry for the long waits between chapters writer's block is kicking my ass lmao

thanks for the support <3

(also if you make fanart/anything based on this pls comment bc I wanna see)

While Quackity should have known he might run into other inhabitants of the tower, he hadn't really stopped to actually consider how such an encounter might go. As he stared back into the confused gaze of Steve Rogers, he mentally cursed himself out for not being more careful and aware of his surroundings. His wings twitched, which only made the man's grip on his collar tighten.

"Woah, woah, wow calm down man!" Quackity exclaimed, trashing in the man's iron grip. "Who are you and how did you get in here?" Steve's tone was ice cold and left no room for joking, his gaze boring holes into Quackity's skull. "How about you put me down first? I can explain everything, this is just a misunderstanding! C'mon man!" His voice sounded more panicked than he would have liked, but he didn't allow himself to dwell on it for too long. With how this world was basically a hardcore server, one couldn't blame him for being a bit more afraid of dying.

"Start talking." Steve muttered as he set Quackity down, the duck hybrid letting out a relieved sigh. "I'm Quackity from Las Nevadas, or Big Q. I'm from a different universe, and really want to go home. Tony said he might be able to help with that. So, until I get to go back home to my own server, I will live here." It was the shortest explanation he could give. The captain blinked a few times, confusion written all over his features. "You can ask the uh, roof voice if you don't believe me." Quackity had heard Tony talk to him a few times, his name being Jarvis if he heard it correctly.

"I can confirm that he is speaking the truth." Quackity just about jumped out of his skin at the sudden voice, the heavy accent reminding him of George. Gods, when was the last time he hung out with Gogy? Shaking off that thought, he forced a smile onto his lips. "See? The Britt confirms it!" He let out a victorious chuckle, ignoring the dumbfounded look the captain

sent his way. “Can’t believe the British still follow me even here. They are obsessed with me.” The words slipped before he could stop himself, mostly just speaking his thoughts out loud by habit. In Las Nevadas, he never had to worry about anybody catching him. Sam was rarely around long enough to catch him, Fundy and Foolish didn’t tend to stay within the borders of Las Nevadas most days, Purpled was a cryptid who probably already knew what he was going to say regardless, and Slime was... Slime.

“I am having a tough time processing all of... this.” Steve spoke up, his features looking like he was constipated. Quackity shrugged, hopping on top of the counter. The bottom row of his feathers brushed against the marble as he sat. “Well, process faster old man.” He mumbled as he reached for his fallen porkchop. It was a bit dirty, but he had eaten worse. The amount of times he had accidentally thrown his food instead of eating it was embarrassing to admit. As he was about to sink his teeth into the meat, he felt a hand wrap around his wrist and pull the meat away.

“Son, why are you eating that raw? You’ll get sick.” The captain’s nose scrunched up as he plucked the half eaten raw porkchop from the duck’s hands. Quackity was getting real tired of his meals getting interrupted. He just wanted to fill his hunger bar, dammit. “Give that back, asshole. I don’t see a furnace anywhere here, and there’s enough meat here to fill up my bar anyways.” He huffed, stretching in an attempt to swipe the porkchop back. “Besides, everybody knows you only get sick from rotten flesh, and I doubt this pig was a zombie.” A laugh escaped his lips, though his laughter died down as he was met with a confused look from Steve.

Quackity didn’t give the man any time to further question him, as he had already snatched the meat out of his hands and downed it before Steve could even open his mouth to tell him off. Sending the man a shit eating grin, Quackity briefly checked his hunger bar. All good. No poison or hunger effect particles, no timer popping up, he was totally fine. “See? Maybe you old timers get hunger from raw meat, but us youngsters are just better.” He hopped off of the counter, the drop too low to take any damage. “I- You-... That’s not how it works!” Steve let out a frustrated sigh, which only made Quackity snicker.

“Man, you’re really hung up on this, just move on old man. Stop living in the past, it already happened. I already ate it, not much you can do to stop me now.” He laughed, unaware of the brief flash of hurt crossing the captain’s features. “Now, if you’ll excuse me, I have a tower to explore.” With that Quackity left the super soldier alone in the kitchen and headed down the hall. He had no clue where he was going, but he just knew that he didn’t want to be around the captain any longer.

As he wandered, he couldn’t help but wonder how things were back home. Had anybody realised he was missing yet? Surely Slime had noticed, or maybe Sam. Was Las Nevadas faring well without him there to help? The thought alone made a weird feeling rest in his stomach. He knew it was selfish, but he couldn’t help but hope Las Nevadas wasn’t doing too hot without him. If it turned out to be doing just fine without him, or maybe even better than when he was around, what did that say about his leadership? Tugging his beanie down a little further, he forced the thoughts out of his mind. He shouldn’t worry about that for now. Getting home should be his main priority.

“Ah, just the teen I was looking for!” Quackity blinked as he heard a voice from down the hall, eyes landing on Tony. He flashed the man a smile, slowly making his way over to him. As he got closer, he realised Tony wasn’t alone. Next to him stood a tall man, with long blonde hair. His outfit seemed a bit out of place for the clothes Quackity had seen in this world so far, but then again he couldn’t judge; There had been a period where all he wore was a blue tracksuit he’d take off whenever he felt like it. If anything, this man’s armour reminded him of Sam’s, both being the same kind of sculpted chest plates, though the stranger’s was made of iron where Sam’s was made of gold.

“Quackity, meet Thor. Thor, meet Quackity.” Tony had a mischievous smile on his lips, the same kind Tommy used to have whenever he announced his newest plan of the week. They were never good plans, always involving more chaos and destruction than necessary, but then again Tommy did grow up surrounded by people like Technoblade and Wilbur. It’s a miracle the boy hadn’t turned out worse than he had. While they hadn’t always been on the same page, and Quackity had once believed Tommy had been at the root of a lot of the server’s problems, he also believed Tommy was not a bad person. He was somebody shaped by his environment, a child who was the product of war and corruption.

“It’s nice to meet you, Thor.” Quackity offered the man a hand, which the god happily took. His grip was crushing, so much so Quackity swore he was about to take damage if Thor didn’t let go soon. A bouldering laugh came from the man as he smiled down at Quackity. “It is great meeting you, Quackity of Las Nevadas! Stark has told me about your predicament. I also am not from this world, though I do not come from a place as far away as you.” The only way Quackity could describe the way Thor spoke was that the man spoke like he was only using capitals. If he had a communicator, Thor would definitely use all caps only.

“Birds of a feather, right?” Quackity joked, raising one of his wings. Thor didn’t seem to know the phrase the duck hybrid was referencing, confusion written all over his chiseled features. “I am not a bird, Quackity of Las Nevadas.” Oh boy, this was going to be a long day. He heard Tony cackle in the background as he sighed. As he stared at the confused God and the cackling scientist, he couldn’t help but miss his own friends. Slime would have loved that joke.

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